



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

sand. Meantime every reader must pause to praise the ample and living and literary qualities of the work as scholarly as if it dealt with classic matter, but tinged and flavored by the testimony of witnesses, correspondents, interlocutors, who yet live, and further vivified by personal *aequaintance* with the ground both in the north of Italy and in the Mediterranean isles, which was the scene of the action. It is romantic rather than epic, adventurous rather than dramatic; the interest nowhere flags, and the style is a gentleman's and scholar's. So should history be written.

The greatest service of this book* will be to hard-pressed teachers. It presents in a handy form a great deal of information usually accessible only in libraries, and it reproduces a large number of miscellaneous pictures apt to pique the young mind. It has the life and movement of matter actually talked; selected and arranged to catch the eye and ear. It is not always fair to the Elizabethan people, however: that they were neither so much more cruel than we or so much more credulous, as the writer declares, his own evidence very candidly attests. To carry, for instance, a certain herb in the mouth as precaution against the plague need not be superstition; it may be antisepsis. And there is a rash statement (for another instance) on page 7 about the consequences of the defeat of the Armada. If Englishmen had waited till after 1588 to travel abroad, where should we all be now?

ESSAY.

Gleanings from the "Gentlemen's Magazine," under the editorship of Mr. A. H. Bullen, is bound to yield good reading, and it is high praise to say of the seventeen essays in this volume the eleven now for the first time printed excel in poetic charm and leisurely wisdom the six which originally appeared in that magazine. Leisurely wisdom, indeed, is the marked characteristic of these lovely essays. There is no startling brilliancy or wit, but the soft light of a quiet, kindly wit plays over all the essays and leaves us the better, the gentler, the kindlier, for the companionship of so wise a leader. The very titles of the essays

* "The Elizabethan People." By Henry Thew Stephenson. New York: Henry Holt & Co., 1910.

have some of the charm of the style. Such headings as "Way-side Wisdom,"* "Old Houses and Odd Dreams," "The Advantages of Poverty," "The Smoke of Cities," "The House of Wisdom," "On Travelling," "On Living Alone," "Death and Transfiguration," promise no more than they give of pleasant contemplation.

Here is an essayist who in a busy world pleads eloquently for the lost illusions, the sweet dreams and kindlier ways of leisure; despite all the hurry and rush and importance of getting on in life, he would have us turn aside to help a friend whenever we are called; to work, regardless of results, for the pure joy and love of an art; to give of ourselves to the things that are not seen, as the workmen in mediæval days devoted half a lifetime to carving perfectly some pinnacle never seen by any but the birds that fly about it. He has (or can it be *she* has) a loving eye for all sorts of scenery; even the flat lands that have no beauty in themselves, but only such as they borrow from the shifting seasons, from day and night, from the clouds and mists. "It is not," he tells us, "possible to miss the soul in a level country where, there being nothing to break the line of vision, the earth takes unto itself some of the characteristics of water by acting as a reflection of our moods." Once more to give the quality of the writer, we may quote from the "Smoke of Cities" a bit about Paris:

"There is no room here for things outworn, for the old or the foolish or the feeble. We must either work or enjoy, must spend or be spent—this is the first law of all life lived in common; when we can work no more we may creep away and hide ourselves in the country, and listen in our loneliness to the whisper of the earth that is deadened by the clamor of men's voices as the earth itself is choked and buried under the weight of the stones and bricks and mortar out of which we build our cities."

* "Wayside Wisdom." By E. M. Martin. New York: Longmans, Green & Co., 1909.